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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD



SCHOOL AT RHEIMS

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THE AMERICAN MCALL RECORD

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Another loss has come to the Mission in the death of a long-time friend and worker, Miss Burgess, the daughter of the late Canon Burgess, founder of the Foreign Aid Society. She was indeed the true friend of all religious work on the Continent. She was in Scotland with Mr. Greig last autumn doing useful work for the Mission when her health suddenly failed. After a time an operation was pronounced necessary; she never recovered from it and died on the twenty-fifth of January.

It is pleasant news that money for the new boat is coming in well. Nearly all the amount, 40,000 francs (\$8000), is raised. Now who wants to provide one of the following articles of furniture, fittings, etc., as a special gift?

Harmonium	\$80	Cabins, 3, \$100 each	\$300
Clock	16	Kitchen	50
Lamps	40	Heating apparatus	150
Linoleum for hall	20	Linens	200
Seats, say 160 at \$2.50	400	Crockery	25

We would draw particular attention to the Sunday-school letter on page 8. Not only is the subject one of pressing importance, since our Sunday-school subscriptions have of late been falling off, but a special interest attaches to the writer of this letter. She is a girl of twenty-three, a graduate with honors in Natural Science. She was brought up a free-thinker, but a course of lectures on Ethics made her a deist. Little by little she came to crave for a God she could get hold of, and recollections of a book lent her in a literature class ("*Les plus belles pages de la Bible*)," convinced her that it was the Protestants, rather than the Roman Catholics, who could help her. Passing along the street one day, she saw an open door; it was Dr. Greig's Mission Church. She came in, waited till she could speak to the pastor, and asked him how she could find God. It can easily be imagined how Dr. Greig answered, and there and then she accepted Christ. That was last October; at Christmas she was received at the Lord's table, and she has walked steadily ever since. Her family laugh at her and make life as hard as possible for her, and she prays and lives.

The Secretary of one of our very loyal Auxiliaries writes to beg the Editor in mentioning halls in Paris or elsewhere to call them by their American

names—Salle Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh and Allegheny, etc., etc. “I am sure,” she writes, “that our subscribers would have found a certain article doubly interesting had they understood that it was *our* hall of which they were reading.” This is doubtless the case; but would it not be better if our subscribers knew the location of their own halls? For example, when a member of the New York Auxiliary goes abroad it is not enough for her to know that there is a “Salle New York” in Paris. If she wants to visit it her cabman will certainly not be able to drive her to it unless she can tell him that it is in the Rue de Rivoli. So if the Boston ladies are able to recognize, every time that Boulevard Ornano is mentioned, that they have a hall there, will not their interest receive more frequent stimulus than if they only knew that there was a Salle Boston—somewhere? It is well for our Auxiliaries to call the halls to which they contribute by their specific name; it is better if they become familiar with the fact that their hall is in the Rue Royale or the Rue Nationale or wherever it may be.

CALL TO THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting will be held in Buffalo on Thursday and Friday, the 11th and 12th of May, in the First Congregational Church.

Auxiliaries may address MRS. EDWARD PIERREPONT, 354 Ellicott Square, Buffalo, concerning entertainment of delegates. Each Auxiliary is entitled to send five delegates, and not only do the ladies of Buffalo extend a most cordial invitation to all the Auxiliaries to send their full representation, but the Board most urgently recommends it as the very best way of inspiring the home societies. It is not too much to say that the Auxiliaries which are best represented are the ones which never complain of failing interest.

Truly, “Come with us and we will do thee good.”

We are looking forward with the greatest pleasure to having with us Dr. Thurber, who comes direct from the Paris Board and who can tell us, perhaps better than any other, the story of what we are doing for Christ in France. Dr. Thurber lately completed the tenth year of his pastorate in Paris. During all these years he has been on the Board of Direction of the Mission, and is therefore peculiarly well fitted to represent it at our anniversary. Many of the delegates will have met him in Paris, will have enjoyed his faithful attention as pastor, and the charming hospitality of Mrs. Thurber in their beautiful home. Perhaps some of them have known of the loving Christian ministry of this devoted pastor and his wife to fellow-countrymen and women who while abroad have been overtaken by sorrow or disaster. For all these reasons Dr. Thurber's welcome to Buffalo will be warm.

ELIZABETH J. DIMOCK,
MAY HART PERKINS.

WANTED : STICKING POWER !

More is lost through ignorance and thoughtlessness than by direct intent. There are people who would willingly give to any good cause, but do not really *know* its merits, for *some one* has not thought to present it.

The majority of us really *mean* to do well, but because of thoughtlessness it may be said of many, "he *meant* well : he *tried* a little : he *failed* much." It is largely because Christian people do not *think*, that many a cause suffers to-day. A person really means to give every year, but he does not *think* at the right moment, and the time passes and it is forgotten. Alas ! away off upon some distant mission field there is something *less*, and work and workers suffer. An eminent divine once said ; "What we want is men who will stick to their profession 365 days in the year." What is needed in our Auxiliaries to-day is "sticking power : " loyalty—with thoughtfulness, attention and remembrance. In other words, having assumed a certain obligation or pledge *to stick to it*, even if it is more difficult to raise the money. Of course it *is* difficult if one is content to "wish *we* could interest people," or "wish *we* could raise some money." Horace Greeley said the way to resume specie payments, was "*to resume.*" The way to interest people is, to *interest* : to raise money is, to *raise* it, and where there is the will there will always be a way. One branch of our work furnishes to-day a painful illustration of the immediate effects of probable thoughtlessness and lack of "sticking power." The Sunday-school is an exotic in France. There is absolutely no provision by manufacturer and the trades for its needs. It is difficult to realize such a state of things in this land of lesson papers,—picture rolls,—colored cards with texts, etc., etc.; where literally we "have them to burn." Some years ago one of our countrymen, seeing the need, provided, without expense to the Mission, large picture rolls and small flowered cards, such as accompany the International lessons. Financial embarrassment put a stop to this; but they had become so invaluable that the Association assumed the obligation. It was estimated that twenty-five dollars would carry one school a year. Children were interested, and as a result many schools individually adopted a school. Now, here and there a school has ceased sending the annual sum. Just why we do not know ! Perhaps some one "did not *think*"—and perhaps "sticking power" was not in them. But the fund suffers : the Committee are burdened, and the work is crippled. Yet the work is as commendable and needy as when the obligation was first assumed.

Remember, the children have no home assistance ; they have no way of preparation. The lesson must be taught them in school. The illustrated text-cards are given them to learn. They are taken home, and so brought to the

notice of many a parent for the first time. There is no such repetition of Scripture from memory to be found in our schools as in those of France. This work cannot be overrated. Remember, many teachers of to-day were once scholars in the schools. Who is to take their places, if the children of to-day are neglected? As cards, etc., are not made in France, they must be ordered here. They are not *cheap*, and the duty increases the expense. But if everyone who reads this could be present in one of the schools, as the writer of this has been, and see the avidity with which the children seize a new card, after repeating the text of an old one, and the delight when one, by a certain number of attendance tickets and rewards, receives a Bible or Testament, surely she would feel that we *must stick to this*: we must *think* of some way of contributing. Let us interest our Sunday-school children in this work!

“Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”

W. B. L.

THE BIBLE IN FRANCE.

The ninety-fourth Annual Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society has just come to hand. Some parts of its report upon France will prove not only interesting to our readers, but important from the light thus cast upon the present conditions of the field in which we are working.

“At the present time there are two diverse influences at work which are likely to leave their mark on all Evangelical work in France. On the one hand it is no longer possible to doubt the existence of an ever-growing dislike of the English name and of English institutions. The Protestant religion of England in particular, and every mark of Protestantism appear for the moment to be the object of our French neighbors’ aversion. * * * But there is another current of opinion, flowing silently but with ever-increasing volume, which is bound, if not diverted, to exert immense influence of a different kind on the life of the nation. There is prevalent within the Roman Catholic Church itself a certain spirit of criticism, a certain desire for reform, which should make for the more sure lodgment of the Scriptures on French soil. For it is not reform apart from the Bible that is dreamed of and preached upon in Romish pulpit and press, but reform after the manner of the Gospel. Nothing in this connection could be more significant than the confession of the Abbé Gayraud at the Ecclesiastical Seminary held this year at Rheims: “There is a general cry for the Sacred Writ, a growing desire that our sermons should be a paraphrase of the Gospel. What the world is most in need of is the Word of God, and I feel assured that the world craves for it. It is the Word of God that people expect to hear when we address the great crowds from our pulpits.”

FRENCH PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO HEATHEN LANDS.

Reference has more than once been made in the pages of the RECORD to the French genius for religious propaganda, and to the noble efforts of French Protestant Churches in their poverty to send the Gospel to the heathen. Most wisely, as it seems to us, the Paris Committee of the McAll Mission has decided to give from time to time, in our own halls, some account of what the Paris Society of Missions is doing for the cause of Christ in heathen lands. If it is good for those who frequent our halls to hear these things, it is also good for us to know them. It surely must stimulate our zeal in the support of the McAll Mission when we know that the blessing that we give to France does not stop there, but is sent forth to gladden the outer world.

The work of the Paris Society of Missions (supported by all branches of the Protestant Church in France) extends over seven different fields: Lessouto, Senegal, Tahiti and the neighboring islands, Zambezi, French Congo; the Loyalty Isles, and Madagascar. The oldest of these fields is

LESSOUTO,

a mountainous country in South Africa, between Cape Colony and the Transvaal. This country was first explored in 1833 by the French missionaries Casalis and Arbousset, and it may be interesting to our readers to be reminded that Mlle Rosa Arbousset, whose death last year all friends of the McAll Mission deplored, since for many years she had been an indefatigable worker in our Paris halls, was the eldest daughter of the missionary Arbousset, and born in Lessouto.

The people of the country gave a kind welcome to the missionary explorers, who found them an intelligent race, though reduced by war and famine to the greatest poverty and deprivation; in the case of some tribes even to cannibalism. A few years sufficed to gain the confidence of the Bassouti, to learn their language, compose a Lessouto grammar and dictionary, translate the Bible into the new tongue, teach them to read and write, and found several mission stations. At present these former cannibals are a little nation of nearly 300,000 souls, of whom 20,000 are Christians, and all are more or less transformed by Christianity. They are under the protectorate of England, and have been able to hold their own against the Boers. The Lessouto Mission now has seventeen stations and annexes, with the same number of missionaries, normal, Biblical and industrial schools, and it furnishes school-teachers and native evangelists not only for Lessouto, but also for neighboring countries, especially Zambezi. It was from Lessouto that the missionary Coillard set out in 1885, after twenty-eight years of work in the country, to explore the neighboring regions. From this journey resulted the Zambezi Mission, and

also a very notable and authoritative work on South Africa, published last year in Paris, and considered one of the most important books of the year.

The second Mission of the Paris Society in order of time is that to

SENEGAL,

a French colony on the West Coast of Africa, of which St. Louis is the capital. The first station was founded in 1863, and the second in 1886. The climate is particularly insalubrious and, to their shame be it said, the neighborhood of other European colonies has made the missionaries' task one of unusual difficulty, so that the fruits of this work are still small. M. Benjamin Escande, so often mentioned in these pages, spent eight years in this mission, and was here when the Society ordered him to Madagascar, where he gave up his life. There is at present only one missionary in Senegal, M. Moreau.

In point of years the Mission to

TAHITI AND ITS NEIGHBORING ISLANDS

is one of the first in the history of modern missions, for it was founded by the London Missionary Society in 1797. In 1863, when the islands came under the protectorate of France, the Mission was transferred to the Paris Society. It now has four stations, with six missionaries, and several teachers. The population is largely Protestant, but the Catholic propaganda, and the opposition occasionally shown by the French Government, have made the task of the missionaries peculiarly delicate. A large field is opening before them in the Marquesas and neighboring archipelagoes, which the Society will enter as soon as funds permit.

The attention of France has of late been particularly directed to the Mission in

ZAMBEZI

(founded in 1885), because for the past two years its founder, M. Coillard, has been in France lecturing and superintending the publication of his book, which is one of the highest value and interest. With him has been M. Falla, his colleague. M. Coillard has visited nearly all the Protestant churches of France, and his addresses, with his book, have caused a wide-spread revival of missionary enthusiasm. Late last October he bade farewell to his French brethren in a crowded meeting held in the great Church of the Oratoire, and on December 11th he sailed from England for Africa. He was joined at Palapurvia by ten missionaries and helpers, and in March the expedition set out for Zambezi, where it is expected that the work, always interesting, will take on new features and go on to greater success.

Not less interesting is the work in the

FRENCH CONGO.

This country came to France as a result of de Brazza's explorations, and immediately after, in 1892, the Paris Society sent two young missionaries to study the country. The result was the establishment of a mission post. The Presbyterian Church of our own country having had a mission at Gaboon since 1842, negotiations were entered into by which the latter ceded to the French Society its two stations on the River Ogowe. There are now eight missionaries and assistant missionaries in this field.

The London Missionary Society, which founded a Mission to the Loyalty Islands in 1841, ceded to the French Society in 1891 the new post of Marai. The population is largely Protestant. But one missionary, M. Delord, is at this post.

The circumstances which caused the transfer of the Missions in

MADAGASCAR

from the London Missionary Society to the Society of Missions of Paris are so recent, and the difficulties attending the transfer are so serious, that they will hardly bear to be treated in a few lines. At a later time it is hoped that the subject may be adequately presented here. Our readers know that the Paris Missionary Society is making its utmost efforts to do justice to the great task committed to it. Our own McAll Mission is not without its part in the self-sacrifice. Both of the martyred missionaries, M. Benjamin Escande and M. Minault, had at one time or another had some part in our work, and M. Elisée Escande, who went out year before last, and his wife, who joined him a year later, were for four years in charge of one of our most important stations, that of Grenelle, which under M. Escande's care become a church.

L. S. H.

The friends of temperance on the Continent of Europe are to hold their Seventh International Congress in Paris, from April 4th to April 9th. A large number of people of various nations, prominent in the work, will have a part in the programme. Prof. Buisson, of the Sorbonne; M. Barbey, of the Court of Appeals; Governor Galiéné, of Madagascar; the Hon. Conrad Dillon, of the British Army Temperance Society; Mrs. Selmer, of the Danish W. C. T. U., and many others, will take part. There are several delegates from our own country. An important topic of discussion is The Importance of a Special Agreement between States for the Protection of Indigenous Races against Alcohol; others are The Duty of University Students in the Fight against Alcohol, Alcohol and Conditions of Labor, The Duty of Women, of Ministers of Teachers, in this Fight.

TO AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Dear Children :

I have learned, through Mr. Greig, that you are much interested in your little French comrades, who go to Sunday-school, and that you wish to become acquainted with them, so I take pleasure in presenting them to you.

The children in the McAll Mission schools are of two distinct classes : First, those who come every Thursday and Sunday ; and then those who come, with more or less regularity, but seldom on Sunday. The former are generally well-trained, clean, and even sometimes dressed with taste, although belonging to very plain families ; they are attentive to the lessons. Unhappily, they are not all from religious families ; many come only because they find the lessons entertaining, or to avoid the necessity of going with their Roman Catholic parents.

As to the children, you would be much surprised if you could see them ! The meetings are held at half past five o'clock in a hall, situated in one of the poorest quarters of Paris, the Faubourg St. Antoine. In the street before the door stand little carts full of vegetables, fruit, or fish, and it is with difficulty that a passage is cleared between the sellers, the buyers and the urchins, who block up the sidewalk, while waiting for the door to be opened. They make much racket, chasing one another, quarreling sometimes, and the teachers when they come are often obliged to push them aside, to clear the way.

First we enter a vestibule, badly paved and dimly lighted, which is the approach to the hall. Do not expect to see a fine room, comfortably arranged and well lighted. Nothing is less according to the fact. It is a hall, paved with asphalt, gloomy and dark, formerly a concert saloon. There in the old times every evening many workmen assembled, and while they drank many little glasses of brandy, others stirred them up by singing revolutionary verses. More than once brawls took place, and chairs flew over the heads of the people. For about twenty years, however, the hall has been rented to the McAll Mission for the preaching of the Gospel, and the saloon exists no longer. Nothing has been changed ; it is always the same room, except that a few Bible verses have been written on the bare walls. There, every Sunday, from two hundred and fifty to three hundred children gather to hear about God. They are all poor children, and very few have religious parents ; after a whole day spent in the street playing, they are glad to come and rest a few minutes, to hear stories that entertain them, and especially to sing hymns, for that is their greatest pleasure, and they do it with so much enthusiasm. Their dress leaves much to be desired, and you would certainly be saddened to see them so poorly clothed, especially in winter. The trousers are worn-out at the bottom, are too short, and very damaged shoes are visible ; the frocks are

torn, but all that is hidden beneath a long black cotton apron : this apron is a grand thing to conceal poverty. The boys seem very thoughtless ; the girls are more serious, and the larger ones often bring with them several younger brothers or sisters whose "little mamma" they are ; sometimes even they carry a baby gravely and tenderly in their arms.

At last, everyone is in place ; a stroke of the bell, and there is silence while they review the last lesson and answer the pastor's questions ; then the classes separate to study a new lesson.

Let us leave, if you please, these children in the hall, and follow the tall young girls who are in Madame Greig's class. We go out of the hall, and in the entrance vestibule we take a little staircase, very narrow and entirely dark, to reach a little room on the second floor, where the lesson is given. I have sometimes been present and been surprised to find, among these young girls, a woman about forty years old, who seemed the most attentive of all. Led by curiosity, I desired to know how, at her age, she had been induced to come with young girls of eighteen to twenty years, and this is what I learned. This woman, formerly a seamstress in a convent, obtained through her husband's patron the place of doorkeeper in the house to which the hall belongs. She has to take care of the house and keep it in order ; for these services, she is lodged in a tiny room which hardly holds a bed, two or three chairs and a little table. After having been present at several services, this woman expressed a desire to receive religious instruction. It was a very difficult task, for our friend knows only how to read and write, and with ignorance of the Bible she has much intellectual slowness. Nevertheless, she made great efforts, and three years ago she had the happiness of being received into the Church. Since then, as she has an earnest desire to please God, she has made use of a little book, which gives a verse with an explanation for every day ; thus every day she gains a religious thought. As she has very little time, she reads her verse in the evening, with her daughter ; they meditate on it together ; they also examine it together, after they have gone to bed, and it is the little one who resolves the intellectual difficulties.

This story seemed to me very touching, and I hope that it may interest you.

But we have left the classes studying the lesson ; at the end of half an hour it is done, and all come together again to review it. Then comes the distribution of good marks. This is a great reward, for with these good marks they can buy a Bible, or perhaps only a New Testament, and these they are proud to possess.

At seven o'clock all is over, and the children leave the hall. Some of the more fearless go up to Mr. Greig, and are very happy when he strokes their

cheeks, or, a very great honor, gives them his hand. Many of the others would like to do it, if they dared, for all love Mr. Greig very much. It is certain that no one knows better than he how to keep the attention of all these little undisciplined children; no one knows better than he how to interest while instructing them, and to make a little of his own love for the Saviour enter drop by drop into their hearts.

Now, dear children, that you know our little friends, sometimes think of them; pray that Mr. Greig may exert a blessed influence over a great many of them and that he may see his efforts crowned with success. H. C. F.

A CHRISTMAS FETE.

Last Wednesday I went to the hall started two years ago in place of that at the Ternes. The new hall in Rue Championnet is also called "Salle Beach." On Wednesdays, at two o'clock, they have a mothers' meeting in charge of Miss Coldstream and Miss Ramsey. I went to help with the tea, but when I got to the hall I found they expected me to make it all—gallons and gallons! I, who have never made more than two or three cups at a time! Miss Ramsey measured out the tea, sugar and milk, saying that I must put it all into the boiling water; then, when it was "done" I should measure out fifty-five cups (big ones) of the mixture. They use a gas stove. Very soon the water boiled and in went the tea, next the sugar, and finally, the milk. It seemed all wrong and yet it must have tasted good to the women, for every cup and bowl came back empty—not one drop remaining. Miss Ramsey says they never leave the tea making to the woman in charge (who would be glad to do it for a few sous) because the mothers like it better when it's made by the ladies.

During the process of tea making I managed to go into the hall several times; Miss Coldstream was reading a story to the women; while they sewed they listened, and seemed to enjoy it immensely. The children and babies, unlike those of our "Helping Hand," at home, have no little room to themselves. They sit together in the back of the hall and one of the ladies amuses them with picture books or toys. The children talk in whispers—they are too good to be natural; even the babies do not cry. Miss Coldstream reads from the Bible and has the women look up the place for themselves, then they recite some Bible verses together, and after the tea is served they go home rejoicing. I have really never seen so many happy-looking people—of that class—as I saw there.

Thursday evening I went to a McAll Christmas tree with Mrs. Savile, her son, and Mrs. McAll. Did I tell you about Mrs. McAll? She is lovely beyond words, so pretty and young-looking, and so interested in everybody

and everything. Mrs. Savile asked us to her house to take supper, and then to go with them to Alfortville, which is outside Paris. Mrs. McAll told me it's one of the *oldest* halls; and, in the old days, there was such a rough set of people that the man at the door was nearly killed at one time. The "hall" now is in a different place, but near by, I believe. People in Pittsfield, Mass., are interested in the Sunday-school; I wish someone would write them to send extra money for extra chairs. They have not enough at present, three children to one chair or something like that. Well! to return to my story. After supper we took the railway half around Paris—it took us about an hour—then the boat for half an hour and finally we were at our destination. There was some delay finding the place, as the people in charge had not been able to get the *large* hall they had engaged, and at the last moment had to take a room off a wine shop, not nearly big enough; 100 children, I believe, were left outside. I can't say how many were inside, the place was full, and indeed when we arrived we got in the wine shop, but no further. "Impossible," the owner of the shop said, "for anyone to go into the hall." It looked so as we peeped in the door. But when it was known how distinguished our party was (Mrs. McAll and the Saviles being known by everybody) they made a way for us to pass and after going up to the front, right by the tree, we found chairs and an *open* window. You've no idea how hot and close the French people can stand it. I think their lungs must be differently constructed from ours. The tree, which was rather large for the room, was somehow squeezed into place, like the children. It was brilliantly lighted with any number of candles, and I must say I was frightened to see how low they let them burn. Mr. Greig assured me there was no danger, for they had a new kind of socket. However, I thought if I were the insurance agent I should object.

The exercises had already begun—I don't know what they had been doing. Just as we came in a little girl of ten recited a piece, which some grown person had written in honor of the occasion. She chopped her words and took her breath between syllables, so it gave a queer effect. Mr. Savile made a short address to the children. I couldn't hear what he said—or very little—as his back was turned to us. But the children seemed interested, for they were as quiet as mice. Then they all sang and finally presents were given to those who had been in the school all the year, and an orange apiece to all the children. This with singing—they sang remarkably well—closed the exercises.

This is the only Christmas *fête* I've had time to go to. I haven't time to tell you of meetings I've been to; one of Mr. Theodore Monod's lectures, among others, was unique; no singing and no prayers, only a quiet talk in the Salle Baltimore (Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle).

A MISSION IN THE RUE JEANNE d'ARC.

[From the *Paris Record*.]

Two months ago I was riding down the Rue Jeanne d'Arc on my bicycle, when I spied out a large *café* which was to let. Suppose one were to hold a *Mission* in there, I thought. A big, low, dismal room it was, but that did not matter. The neighborhood was far from engaging—a dirty street, with a large sugar factory on one side and a huge human anthill on the other, the *Cité Jeanne d'Arc*, the refuge of all the poverty-stricken people of Paris, where they pay fivepence a day for a room, and get the money by jobbing, begging, and . . . stealing! There are an average of 2500 people in the block. The important point was that it could hold 250 people, so off I went to the beautiful Parc Monceau where the proprietor, a judge at the Parisian commercial port, lived.

I had no great hope as I ascended the monumental staircase, but great was my joy when the portly gentleman received me most kindly on hearing that it was for the "*Mission Populaire Evangélique*" that I wanted to have his shop. "Is it not your society that owns a floating hall on the Seine?" he said. "I own a country place at N., and all my people went to your meetings. I also went on board, but not at N., as I am too well known there! I had a pleasant talk with your colleague, M. Huet." That was a good beginning, so I asked for the hall and offered a month's rent for four weeks' hire. He accepted my terms, but as there were some difficulties to be overcome, it was arranged that he did not let us the hall for a month, but put it at our disposal for twelve evenings. In a few hours' time chairs were brought and lamps hung up, and on the Tuesday, 15th of November, we began with a lantern lecture. Large temperance placards posted on the blinds of the *café* had already attracted the attention of the public, and the hall was densely filled with a rather boisterous crowd, but there were two policemen at the door who prevented any disturbance.

Since then we have had three other lantern lectures that have always attracted a densely full house. "The Lost Sheep" and "The Nativity" were particularly appreciated, and our friend M. Lalmant, for fifteen years a public singer, did good service in singing the Gospel to the people, who love music.

On four Thursdays we had temperance lectures by M. Eugene Creissel, I myself giving an introduction and conclusion. I particularly appreciated that entitled, "*Vous cherchez un homme—Trouvez la femme*" on the part of woman in the fight against immorality and drunkenness, and his second lecture on "*Il faut bien s'amuser quelquefois*," showing what true and false pleasures

are. We always had half-a-dozen publicans at the door of the hall. They interrupted us occasionally, but did not dare to do much. At the end of one of the meetings, they prompted a fine tall working man to go up to the platform to speak. He made a speech in which he declared that he was a "*poivrat*," a drunkard; that drinking spirits was a bad thing, but that workingmen could not help doing so, as they were not sufficiently paid to buy good food, and that the moral revolution and doing away with capital was the only cure for alcoholism. M. Creissel answered in a very pointed way by speaking of his father, a workingman, who brought up six children with six francs a day at most. At the end of the meeting we found out that our interrupter gained eight francs as a blacksmith, and was a bachelor! Six people have joined our Temperance Society.

On Saturdays we had speeches by Mr. Biau on Christian Apologetics. His last speech, entitled "*Ce que je ne peux pas croire*," was a clever refutation of infidelity.

I cannot believe that the world has made itself.

I cannot believe that I descend from a monkey, etc.

We are finishing up to-morrow with *Que pensez vous du Christ?* It is too early now to judge of what lasting results the Mission will leave, but it has put us into contact with a good number of new faces. One woman, of notably evil character, the wife of an attorney, told Mlle Jeanne Cladière that if she went on attending our meetings we should convert her. I would to God it were true! Besides this, it is certain that such Missions are useful in doing away with the prejudices that repel people from Evangelical Christianity. During the whole Mission we had some young men belonging to the Roman Catholic "patronage," or parish boys' club. They seemed very much astonished to see that we were neither Jews nor infidels.

The French habit of building very large houses with large shops on the first floor is a great advantage for this sort of mission work; it compensates a little for the interdiction of holding open-air meetings. We feel more and more that we must go on doing primitive McAll Mission work, by holding missions of this kind. Our halls do not radiate far on account of the lack of Sunday observance and of the late hours of work. I believe that in the future we had better not increase the number of permanent halls, but frequently, if possible continually, hold temporary missions such as the one we have held at the Rue Jeanne d'Arc. As we go on we shall do this work better, and the Word of God will be preached to many who lived in darkness and ignorance.

HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

WANDERINGS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY S. R. BROWN.

Our three stations, Marseilles, Grasse, and Nice, lost their Directors last summer. Mr. Biau was changed from Nice to Paris, Mr. Lenoir left Marseilles for Paris, and the Missionary at Grasse needed rest and medical treatment.

So as I was pondering where to spend my summer vacation, hesitating between sea and a mountain, my musings were cut short by Mr. Greig asking me to go to Grasse for September to fill a gap there, and on my return to tarry awhile at Marseilles to start the Mission in October and act as Director "*par interim*" until Mr. Lenoir's place was filled. (The filling of Mr. Lenoir's place turned out a more difficult task than had been expected.) I accepted with pleasure. "Change is rest."

We arrived at Marseilles at 5.17 a. m., and dear old friends were there to welcome us. Unfortunately Mrs. Brown took ill on our arriving at Marseilles.

I was bound to be at Grasse by the first Sunday in September, and arrived with difficulty. The heat was abnormal even for the South. We pitched our tent at Cannes by the sea and got sea breezes, but I cannot advise my American friends to try Grasse or Cannes in September. I went up to Grasse alone, twice a week, and once or twice to Nice. The former is a most interesting Mission. I was greatly interested in the workmen and their wives, who attend in the clean hall, so well situated on the Grand Avenue, from which you get a fine view of a vast plain, with dark patches of olive gardens, and beyond, the hills with a cleft where the sea dashes over the breakers.

It was the dead season of the Mission, the great heat, the gathering of flowers to make perfumery thinned our audience, but often I had forty adults in the hall, and passers-by standing at the open door to listen to the message.

How well I remember my first visit to Grasse, years ago. We were a company of Evangelists who went up from Cannes to an evening meeting and had to stay all night. What a crowd, full room and people standing outside who could not get in. Mrs. White Campbell of Glasgow was with us, and gave us a carriage drive up to the snow line at Valéry. *En route* she suggested a prayer-meeting as the carriage crawled up a hill. It was an open-air prayer-meeting, with uncovered heads, two of us walked by the carriage and the ladies remained within. It was a good time.

When we got to Valéry the horses needed rest, and whilst the ladies gave away Gospels the gentlemen walked to the snow.

My boyish love came back. To snow-ball my colleagues was irresistible. They submitted patiently, but though younger in years had lost the sense of fun, and did not return my attentions.

We came back with haste, for three of us had to speak at a drawing-room

meeting. Turning a corner Grasse appeared bathed in sunshine. The Roman Tower with an iron beacon, the tall, modern church steeple, the terraced houses covered with red bricks—there was Grasse! One of the ladies ejaculated the prayer: “God bless Grasse!” and we all said, Amen!

And He hath blessed it. There are now two halls where there was none. Two residents Evangelists. Then there was none. Only lately I heard that Pastor Bonnefon of Cannes had gone up to Grasse to give the Lord’s Supper to fourteen persons in our Salle at Grasse.

My last meeting at Grasse was good. The fruits of our Mission accompanied me to the station. They did this every night, and as the train came down to Cannes, through flower gardens, vine-clad terraces, and olive gardens bathed in bright moonlight, I repeated Miss Suche’s prayer, “God bless Grasse and its young Evangelist,” who has a model Mission station so well situated and a fine opportunity to preach the good news.

MARSEILLES.

We arrived on Friday evening, and on Sunday, 1st October, began my third Mission in Marseilles. Mrs. Brown after a few days rest left me, the heat was too much for her and she was glad to get North. So I was left alone in a quiet *pension* conducted by Protestants.

What shall I say about Marseilles? It was anticipated that I should stay about six weeks. Difficulties came up in finding the right man to fill Mr. Lenoir’s place, so that I remained just three months and two days.

I got my orders twice to hurry back; twice I was told to hold on. It was determined that I was to return on the 9th of December, as I was wanted. Mr. Greig wrote me on December 2d, telling me that a difficulty had arisen, that the local Committee desired that I should tarry a little longer. He added: “In any case it is plain that we cannot let you leave Marseilles until the new man is permanently established. I am sorry both for us and for you.”

So I had just to hold on, and see about the *fêtes* in Marseilles and conduct the Mission services. It was good news to my colleagues to know I had to remain until the new *Directeur* was installed, and good to our people.

The last month was a busy one, I hope the best of all the three. On the Thursday before Christmas Day I attended just six meetings. Three Christmas trees, one children’s *fête* without a tree, and I gave a conference at our hall, and attended the morning prayer-meeting of the pastors.

These *fêtes* were unusual, for a friend in London, Mrs. LeGay and the ladies of the American Church, rue de Berri, came to my help, with dolls, knitted things and money, whilst my dear friend, Mr. Theodore Evans, whom I had asked for some crumbs that fell from the rich table of Trinity

Church, sent me 100 francs and 20 lovely dressed dolls. Far exceeding all I could ask or think. I divided the gifts between the schools and meetings. But the dolls were so beautiful we had to give them in secret. We chose the best children of the Christian but poor mothers of our Mission. Most of them I gave myself. Oh! the trembling hands! the bright eyes! as they got these Paris babies, and the little mothers hugged them to their hearts. My friends found the money, and the dolls, and the comforters, and I got all the thanks, which I sent on to them.

THE LAST TWO DAYS.

Saturday I paid my farewell visits and went to Endoume to say a last fare ye well to old Bourgoïn. It was very affecting. He wept and said: "I am not sad, but weak." Believing! He is anxious to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

Coming away I saw a workman who, all smiles, said, "Mr. Brown!" I took his offered hand, looked him up and down and said:

"You—are not —— are you?"

"Yes, sir, 'tis I."

"Then you are a miracle! Hold on! Stand fast. You are a miracle if you hold on——"

He smiled, cast his eyes on the ground, and said: "I told my mother you are going away to-morrow, Mr. Brown, would you see her? She wants to see you."

"Certainly." So I went.

Some weeks ago a veiled lady called at my boarding-house. Her face was marred with sorrow, and she told me one of the saddest tales I have heard. It was of her son, an only son, and she a widow. Homeless, often in rags and without food. He had met in —— a drunkard, a man who had fallen. "He must be a bad man, but he advised my son to apply to you to save him. He is ashamed to come. I am come for him." Then she cried. And I waited until the tears were shed. Oh! what tears have been shed, in that back room 103 Rue Paradis! I think I could write a chapter on tears.

Then she spoke, "I see for the first time signs of repentance, remorse for the past, a desire for reformation." I advised the vagrant to see my colleague, Mr. Quétien, gave the address, and counseled his attendance at the meeting for "the rescue of drunkards."

When I called Madame said:

"You have seen my son, Monsieur?"

"I have."

"What a miracle! How good God is. At last He has heard my prayers. Yet I rejoice in trembling."

“How did it happen?”

“My son went to see M. Quétien. He came back and fell into that arm chair, and never spoke; for one hour he sat as in a reverie. I don’t know what took place between them. At last I said: ‘What did M. Quétien say to you?’ He raised his head, said: ‘It is the Lord.’ Since that day he has attended the meetings and seems another man. I have clothed him, I have taken him in. You don’t blame me, I am his mother.” The next day was Sunday, and I saw the son dressed clean and bade him good-bye. The mother said: “The days of miracles are not gone by.”

WATCH NIGHT SERVICE.

The people flocked from our five halls and from the Section de la Croix Bleue. We had all our staff and two pastors present. I brought away the names of those who sent salutations to Mr. Lenoir, who lives in the warm hearts of a grateful people. Then came a vote of thanks for myself. A formula I heard often during my last days: “You have done us a great deal of good.” The crowded meeting pressed my hands with New Year’s greetings until it ached.

Sunday came, my last Sunday. I had the pleasure of handing over the Mission to Mr. Lenoir’s successor. It was 10 o’clock, and as it was necessary to hasten back to Paris on account of our *fêtes* still waiting, I determined to take the midnight train. The cab was hailed, the congregation waited to say Adieu! I begged them not to come to the station, as it was late and raining. M. de Grenier and a Greek gentleman were to accompany me in the cab. Tourand, my old friend, lingered. “Excuse me,” he said; “I am not well, I must take my wife home; but—so and so will go to the station and see you safe in the train.” (These were ex-convicts, felons come from Toulon prison not three months ago, to whom M. and Mme Tourand had shown great kindness, my bodyguard from the meetings, who had often seen me safe home.) Then he took off his cap, stooped over me and said: “*Permettez!*” and kissed me on both cheeks. At the station a deputation met the cab. The ex-convicts took charge of my four parcels—presents for Mrs. Brown, gifts for my grandsons. And with Tourand’s farewell kiss on my cheeks, and the ticket-of-leave men’s (ex-convicts’) grip on my hands, the train moved away, Marseilles disappeared, and with a thankful heart I came on to Paris.

The *Bon Messager* has been laid up for the annual overhauling. She will soon go down the Seine as far as Elbeuf and then work up toward Paris—a two years’ campaign. During all this time she will be particularly accessible to American tourists, who can visit her on the way to or from Normandy.

IMPERATIVELY NEEDED.

I may well say that since I entered the Mission the necessity of our work has never struck me so forcibly as this year. Never has it appeared in such a crude way how great the want is, and how unfit the Roman Church is to supply this want.

It has often been said that the religious state of the greater part of the population of our large towns is practical heathenism, but good, Christian people seeing the fair audiences that crowd the Roman Catholic churches in Paris during Lent, have said or thought that there was much narrowness and much exaggeration in such an assumption. Now, however, it is one of the most distinguished, one of the most ultra-Roman priests of Paris who applies to his parish the word that shocks some of our British friends.

In his "Letters to a Seminarist,"* published last year, Father Soulange-Bodin, curé of Plaisance, says: "Till now the people in the suburbs have been considered as if they were thoroughly Christian, and have been treated as such, the priest waiting in the church for the children to be brought to Catechism, and for the people to come to him for the Sacraments and for teaching. This is a great mistake. We have seen how the suburbs, wanting in churches and priests, have become nearly heathen (*sont devenus à peu près païens*). It is, therefore, as mission districts that they must be treated. (*C'est donc comme pays de mission qu'il faut les traiter.*)"

We sympathize with Father Soulange-Bodin's desire to make religion attractive to the masses in the French capital, but we cannot hide from our eyes the fact that the result of the work of the Roman clergy is too often to lead the people further still from God. Just as there is a great gulf between the spiritual Brahminism of the Vedas, and the coarse idolatry of the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva, so there is a long stretch between the spiritualized Catholicism of the few and the superstition of the many.

Perhaps I may be permitted to give another instance of the weakness of the Church of Rome in face of the religious problems of the day, though it refers not to France but to Belgium. At the "Eucharistic Congress" that met in Brussels last July, Father Quirini, curé of St. James' Church, said: "It is a strange and sad mistake that many make who have more confidence in the saints than in God Himself. Such was the case of that woman who was praying before a statue of the Sacred Heart, and said: 'O God do Thou pray St. Anthony for me that he may heal my child.' . . . Lately, devotion to the saints has taken a form that frightens me, it is nothing else but a truly mercantile policy."† Unfortunately the good father has nothing better to put in the

* Roman Catholic Theological Student.

† *Courrier de Bruxelles* of the 15th of July, 1898.

place of saint worship than the adoration of the Host and attendance at mass. Would it be an exaggeration to say that the remedy is worse than the disease?

Never has the incapacity of Romanism to guide men in the paths of justice and truth appeared in such a glaring way as during the last year.

It is hopeful, however, that just now it seems as if the Spirit were beginning to breathe upon the dry bones of Catholicism, as it did in the days of Calvin and Pascal; and it is a significant fact that the movement originates from America, and that its founder, Father Hecker, was of Protestant origin. The fight between the "Americanists" and the "Ultramontanes" is waging hotter every day, and not a few priests, no longer able to submit to the superstitious doctrines and practices of Rome, have left that Church, and repeat now with thanks the words of the psalmist, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers." Some of those who left in this way are studying now for the ministry, others are already at work.

One of the events of the year that Roman Catholics have made most of, has been the conversion of François Coppée, the most popular French poet of the latter half of the century. Till a few months ago he was a freethinker, now he declares himself a Christian and a Catholic; but what sort of a Catholic has he become? Is it through prayers to St. Anthony, through saying masses, or going a pilgrimage to Lourdes that he has found peace and happiness in the anguish of his last illness? Not in the least. The priest who visited him said to him: "Pray God and read the Gospel."* This the poet did. He knocked, and it was opened unto him. Hear the testimony that he bears in the book that he has just published on his conversion: "Would it henceforth be possible for me not to believe in miracles and mysteries when so deep and so mysterious a transformation has just been accomplished within me? for my soul was blind to the light of faith, and she sees it now in all its splendor; she was deaf to the Word of God, and she hears Him now in all His convincing sweetness; she was paralyzed by indifference, and now she wings her flight towards Heaven; and the filthy demons who troubled and possessed her have been cast out for ever."

Is that not a beautiful testimony to the work of Him who answers prayer and has given us His Gospel?

On the 1st of November, All Saints' Day, 472,000 people visited the Parisian cemeteries. I distributed, with a few members of my Christian Endeavor Society, 5000 tracts and portions among the 82,000 who crowded into the great Ivry necropolis. But what were these among so many? You would have been moved to tears if you had seen the rush on the Gospels. Twenty, thirty hands were stretched out at the same time, and I had to ask

* "La bonne souffrance." By François Coppée. Preface.

two men out of the crowd to help me to distribute. Our whole provision was gone in half an hour.

Let us have 50,000 Gospels, and we will distribute them easily next year. France has been since the Middle Ages the great battlefield of ideas and moral factors, and there is no field where it is so necessary that the good fight should be well fought.

HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS.

No. 9.

“Jan. 28.—I am trying to arrange for a class in English, but it is not an easy matter, there is such a swarm of teachers from London.

“Last Friday I spent an hour and a half at the Louvre. I walked through the beautiful Gallery of Apollo as I always do when I go there. I stopped to examine some of the curiosities in glass cases; among them I saw a casket, richly gilded, which once belonged to St. Louis, a ring of the same monarch, the sword of Charlemagne, the shield and helmet of Charles IX., a candlestick and small mirror of Mary de Medicis, both richly adorned with jewels.

“In the same case with the latter was the prayer-book of Catherine de Medicis; the mere sight of it made me shudder, I am sure *she* needed more than one prayer-book.

“I spent an hour in one of the rooms of the French school, studying Vernet's views of the ports of France. Some of them are very fine. Two paintings by La Sueur (the one who painted all the pictures illustrating the life of St. Bruno) impressed me very much; ‘The Elevation of the Cross,’ and the ‘Descent from the Cross.’ Another was very striking, ‘The Visit of Napoleon to the Victims of the Plague in Jaffa.’ * * *

“Everyone is watching eagerly for the news from England, to see if she means peace or war.”

“Feb. 2.—After my last letter you will not be surprised to see a change of address. I told you that I could not afford to stay where I was on account of the expense.

“Nothing else would have induced me to leave the family where I have received such uniform kindness and enjoyed such advantages for study. But necessity knows no law. I find instruction in English is so miserably paid that I would need to teach almost the whole day to earn enough to pay my expenses there. This would leave no time for my own studies.

“This house is to be a family school for young English and American girls who come to study the language. The ladies are just commencing and

now have only three boarders, B——, a young English girl and myself. By sharing my room with Miss A. I can reduce my expenses nearly one-half. So, much as I disliked to make the change, I felt I must do it. I left my other home where I had been just six months last Friday. Minet seemed to understand that I was going and followed me to the door mewing piteously. The next morning he stationed himself twice before the door of my room and insisted upon going in to look for me." Miss Beach then describes her new lodgings, which were not very attractive, and thus characterizes the people therein :

"Three ladies are associated in the house; one, an English lady, the widow of a French gentleman, and for many years a resident in Paris, is the superintendent of the establishment; the other two are Parisians—a Countess, who furnishes the money for the enterprise, and the teacher, who neither speaks nor understands English.

"The Countess has been quite ill for a few days, but is better to-day. She has promised to take of me three lessons a week in English as soon as she is well enough.

"Feb. 4. The Countess seems to be a lady of real refinement and culture, thoroughly acquainted with the literature of her own language. The teacher is not as agreeable. She was once a nun and spent several years in a convent. The Countess tells me confidentially that she intends to replace her by the daughter of a Protestant clergyman. Madame is a Catholic, but a very liberal one. She thinks she can find a class for me in one of the schools of the city. We shall go together to see about it when she is able.

"I dread the thought of teaching English, but if it is necessary I will make the best of it. I shall still take three lessons a week of Prof. C. This street is in the same quarter, and I can walk to his house in about five minutes.

"Thursday afternoon I spent what time I could spare at the Louvre, studying the paintings of Murillo.

"The English lady, Madame de L., like most of her countrywomen, is a famous walker, and she invites me to accompany her in her excursions. We mean to visit together all the principal churches in Paris.

"People are beginning to talk more about the Exposition and seem to anticipate a profitable season.

"This forlorn, never-settled Eastern question keeps Europe in suspense. Just now everyone seems to be waiting for the decision of England. A droll caricature of the British lion in one of our papers, the other day, represented the royal animal as very feeble, propped up on either side with large sticks, eyes half closed, but mouth open as if trying to roar.

“Feb. 10. We dine at seven, and after dinner I read aloud to Madame de W. (the Countess) the French evening journal. She is very kind to correct all mistakes, and so I have the double advantage of learning the news of the day and the practice of reading aloud.

“With Prof. C. I am writing a translation of ‘Richard III.’ Orally I translate ‘She Stoops to Conquer,’ and, if I have time, some article from the *New York Times*. I write out, every week, the Bible lesson which we study at the church Tuesday afternoon. This, with the study of the literature and the conversation, keeps me quite busy.

“Thursday we took a long excursion—long for such studious people. Madame de L. wishes to visit all the places of interest, as she may soon leave the city, and she invited us to accompany her to the Pantheon. We stopped to visit the Church of St. Germain de l’Auxerrois, from whose tower sounded the signal for the massacre on St. Bartholomew’s Day. I had seen it before, but was quite willing to see it again. The entrance has a very ancient air. Among the figures which adorn the numerous pillars is St. Deny with his head in his hand.

“Perhaps some of you ignorant heretics do not know that this worthy man, after losing his head, carried it some distance.

“The windows are very beautiful, but the whole place is so associated with that fearful massacre, I was glad to leave it. We crossed the Seine and entered Boulevard St. Michel, opposite the fountain of the same name. The statue, which is at the end of a large building, represents the Archangel trampling Satan under his feet. The water of the fountain falls from the mouths of several lions into a large basin.

“We stopped a few minutes at the Museum of Cluny, just to have a general idea of the building. We intend to spend an afternoon there soon.

“We continued our march to the Pantheon, which we visited at our leisure. The interior of the dome is very fine, but the building as a whole impresses me less than Notre Dame. We went down into the crypt to see the tombs of eminent men buried there. It is very dark and the guide takes a large lantern. We saw first the tomb of Voltaire; beside the monument is the statue which is said to represent well the distinguished author. The expression of his countenance is very disagreeable, as if he were ridiculing everybody and everything. I have never seen a statue which left so unpleasant an impression on my mind.

“Near by is the tomb of Rousseau. In the lower part of the monument is a small door, open just wide enough to show a hand bearing a torch which is to enlighten the world.

“There are many other little rooms filled with monuments, but none of

special interest. We stopped a few moments in a large vaulted passage to hear the famous echo. The guide conversed with M. Echo a few minutes for our amusement.

"We visited next the Church of St. Etienne, which is near and contains the tomb of Ste Genevieve. This was originally the sarcophagus of Clovis, but it was afterward covered with a rich plating of gold to receive the ashes of the saint. The church is not very large, nor particularly interesting, but connected with it is a little chapel famous for the windows, which form one side of the room and represent Bible scenes. They are wonderfully beautiful, the faces are so expressive and the figures seem to stand out as in a fine painting on canvas; those I liked best were 'The Ark,' 'The Brazen Serpent,' 'The Children of Israel Gathering Manna' and 'The Prodigal Son.' The colors are very rich, and as the light falls upon the windows the effect is wonderful.

"I can easily believe that these few squares of glass cost a fabulous sum.

"Feb. 11. We spent an hour at the Louvre Saturday afternoon. I studied carefully a few paintings by Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. Raphael's 'Virgin with the Veil' I shall never forget. The Mother lifts the veil, which has covered the infant Jesus during His slumber, and regards Him with intense affection. The faces of both Mother and Child are very beautiful.

"As I was enjoying such a feast, two young men stopped near me—(I don't know whether they were Americans or English). They seemed very much annoyed by the absence of anything to admire. Said one to the other: 'Don't you suppose that place they call the Luxembourg is better than this?' *I don't see anything here.*

"I cannot imagine why some people come to Europe; it is certainly a great waste of time and money, for they seem constantly dissatisfied and 'do' every place with a martyr-like air.

"The papers are full of details of the last hours of the Pope. During three days the faithful will be permitted to kiss his feet. What a privilege!"

Feb. 24. "The Bible lesson has been very interesting, we have been studying the subject of Miracles. M. Bersur takes great pains to explain clearly and to guard these young people of his congregation against the dangers which attend this subject in a Catholic country. The theme is so profound that I find it rather difficult to write the outline of the lessons, but I am amply repaid for all the study it demands. I read my summary with the teacher in the house for the correction of the mistakes. I thought she might refuse to hear the instruction of a Protestant pastor, but she professed to be very much interested in the lesson. The Countess is much more liberal in her views; she continues quite feeble.

DR. BENHAM'S VISIT TO THE PROVINCES.

I have just returned from a most interesting visit to Rochefort for All Saints' Day. As usual we had an all day of meetings, and God sent us lovely weather, though the preceding and subsequent days were wet.

We had a good prayer-meeting at 9.30 a. m., then at 10.30 a meeting for edification. The hall was half filled. M. Durrleman spoke on the parable of the laborers—showing that our service should not be mercenary but voluntary—from love. M. de Richmond and I spoke on the parable of the talents, and Pastor Assolis, of Marennes, concluded with prayer. At 2 p. m., we had (after the usual fraternal meal which is offered to all the country visitors from La Rochelle, St. Servinian, etc.), another meeting for edification. I opened, speaking from Hebrews xi: 1-10; faith, reasonable, being confidence based on knowledge; practical resulting in obedience. Abel believed himself a guilty sinner and offered the lamb; Enoch walked with God; Noah did so, too, and obeyed God by preaching to and trying to save his generation. M. de Richmond, M. Liénard, of Saintes, M. Assolis, and M. Durrleman followed.

In the evening we had a meeting which was more evangelistic. Pastor Laroche, of Rochefort, opened from II Cor. iv: 16-18, speaking of the consolations of the Gospel to the afflicted, and our glorious hope. I spoke more especially from II Cor. v: 1-10, of the glorious certainties of our faith, and their foundation in facts of history, showing God's character. M. Liénard and M. Durrleman also spoke. These two latter meetings were well attended, the hall being completely filled.

At each meeting, the members of the Y. M. C. A. (founded by Jean Laroche, the pastor's son, and by Fred Durrleman) sang a hymn specially studied for the occasion. One of them, the best, was written by Jean Laroche, and set to music he has adapted. He is a good musician, and an earnest, delightful Christian. He is going this week to begin his studies at Montauban for the pastorate. As I think you know, the acquaintance with the Durrlemans during the past few years has resulted in great spiritual good to him; he has become an earnest, active Christian, and the two lads have had a very good influence on the young lads of the town, and have conducted open-air meetings, Bible classes, and the Y. M. C. A. together. Fred Durrleman hopes to follow him to Montauban next year, when he, too, has taken his "baccalaureate."

Pastor Laroche helps M. Durrleman in every possible way, and is naturally a warm friend of the work.

The day before, I visited La Rochelle with M. Durrleman, and spoke at the mothers' meeting conducted by Madame de Richmond and at the usual

evening meetings. On Wednesday I went to Nantes and spoke at the meeting there, which was well attended. Pastor Dieny also spoke. On Thursday I called on the other pastor, M. Darteguis, who had been unable to come to the meeting. Both of them spoke highly of our agent, M. Leuba, and seemed warmly interested in the work, which is progressing satisfactorily.

H. J. B.

Q.'S BIBLE CLASS.

There is a proverb that says: "It never rains but it pours," and this holds good of Marseilles. For four months and three days not a drop of water had fallen to cool the sun-burned air, or refresh the thirsty earth; but as our train steamed into the station a gentle shower came down, washing the white dust from the palms that line the station. Sunday the rain fell, it was literally "floods on the dry ground." Torrents of water came rushing from the rocky heights, on which a church is built, "Guardian of Marseilles." On its summit, Our Lady Guardian's golden statue stands. The stream of water poured down Dragon Street, rushed down James Street, streamed down Paradise Street, until the road leading to our hotel became a river, a mighty rushing stream, carrying down rolling stones. Cab horses were frightened, omnibuses were filled with water, and the inmates of our hotel forgot their luncheon to see the strange sight and discuss the flood of 1882, so fatal to life and property. On this day only one life was lost.

How one's thoughts wandered to our Lord's parable: "The rain descended, the floods came," the tent pitched in some dry river bed, was carried away, "and great was the fall of it." This flood was a blessing. The paved roads were washed as clean as a Dutch pavement. The sewers were flushed, the huge plantain trees, white with accumulated dust, were renovated, and the leaves restored to vernal green. The rain had come. The excessive heat was gone.

Returning from our evening meeting Mr. Q. said: "You will come to our Bible Class to-morrow?"

"Oh! yes; certainly!"

"It is held at the Anarchist's, a queer neighborhood; but I will call for you; it is scarce safe to go alone at nights."

"Oh, thank you!" for I am as nervous as a timid girl in the dark, and don't feel comfortable in the deserted streets of Marseilles, which have an unenviable reputation after 9 o'clock p. m. Last time my friend Tourand saw me safe home; this time he handed me over to two ex-convicts (ticket-of-leave men), one condemned for homicide, the other—well, never mind. Between these ex-convicts I had no fear, and they saw my luggage safe in the

train and saw me off the night I started for Paris. Banished from home and Paris, they have found a new family in La Croix Bleue de Marseilles (the Temperance Society).

It was ten minutes past 8 on Monday night when Q. came to fetch me at l'Hotel Rubi, 103 Rue Paradis; which I can recommend to Missionaries going East, who want to stay a day in Marseilles. Rooms are clean, food plain and good, and charges moderate. The host and hostess are Protestants.

Let me now introduce my colleague, a tall gentlemanly Evangelist, who knows no fear. No wonder, for he was born again in or through the earthquake that happened at Nice, after a ball and champagne supper. His name indicates that his family hails from Brittany. He is French by birth, but Anglicized by long residence in England, and married to a daughter of Albion, "*La petite Anglaise*."

La petite Anglaise conducts a Bible Class of her own at La Guadeloupe. No other attraction is offered to the women than the attractions of her own loving heart and the attractive power of the Gospel, and these draw weekly some thirty women and three old men to hear words whereby they may be saved. Some third of these are in Mr. Q.'s belief saved.

But we are going to Le Rouet; our train stopped at the Rue Liandier, we alight, and my guide says: "Turn up your trousers." So I did. "Now, follow me." So I did. Now on one side of the road, now on the other, to avoid a pool of water or a heap of rubbish. The street was lighted with oil lamps, raised and lowered by ropes, after the mediæval type, and, as we tramped through the muddy street, I thought: "End of Nineteenth Century—the third largest city in France—with government stores and manufactory, yet such a road!" We turned to the right, and, in darkness made dismal, arrived at a group of houses. Q. pushed open a door and began climbing the stairs, saying: "Lay hold of the bannister, and come along." Fumbling for the bannister, a light appeared. Madame l'Anarchiste received us cordially, excused her husband who had not arrived from work, and we entered a large room with a group of men and women sitting around a table with open Bibles before them.

Taking the end seat I noticed a large text over the bed where the crucifix generally stands, it read: "I will keep thee in the hour of temptation."

Madame served us with a bowl of hot coffee, when a tall man got up, saying: "It is hot," threw off his coat on the bed.

"That is not polite," said his pale, thin-faced wife, "eh, Mr. Brown—Excuse, Mr. Brown?"

"Oh, certainly!"

It was a homely cottage meeting, each took his ease. The anarchist came

in, and sat by my side. He is a muscular man, his face furrowed, like one who had suffered, his head large, curly hair, thick lips and small eyes.

Mr. Q. gave me a little of his history. Turned out of home, at his mother's death, by a drunken father, he grew up wayward, and had a violent temper. At seventeen he was addicted to drink. Then came his military service. But they could neither bend nor break his iron will. Hated by and hating the under officers, he served more time in prison than in the ranks, and his hope was to be shot, to rid him of his misery. Even now the sight of an under officer acts upon him as a red rag on a Spanish bull.

Being married, his wife attended a mothers' meeting, the husband was led to our little meetings at Le Rouet, liked them, but his temper was his enemy.

"The gentlemen recommend us to pray," said the wife.

"Bah!" said he, with contempt. "Would you have me count beads as the hypocrites do?"

They don't count beads at the Conference. One morning he was first at the works, he threw himself on the ground behind a stack of wood and cried unto Him who is able to save, and was heard. The lion has become a lamb; nature's orator, a mimic; he is one of the gems picked from the gutter by the Marseilles Mission.

Most of the men of this Bible class have been saved by their wives. Led to temperance, they have been saved by the Gospel, but the men have gone ahead, they have left their wives behind them in the Christian race.

One of these women is the *concièrge* at Le Rouet, her husband is a recognized temperance speaker, he is a jolly fellow and member of the Church. The wife an image of sadness. I said to her: "Why don't you join the Church, also?" "I am not good enough, my husband has gone far beyond me, he is a good Christian. I am naughty [*méchante*] and the children irritate me, I get cross and '*claque*' them. No," said the quiet, sad mother, "I am naughty, I must not join a church."

Our Bible meeting went on and I explained several questions; the men were anxious to learn, and in the midst of an explanation of a difficult passage in Romans the door opened, all heads turned towards the door.

"'Tis Peter!" they exclaimed. Peter's angel could not have caused more surprise. He had red hair, a red flushed face, he held his head down like a culprit, and said:

"I did not know how you would receive me after——"

"Receive you!" cried the shirt-sleeved company, standing up with excitement. Mr. Q. stretched his arm over the table to receive this prodigal returned.

"I am ashamed to come, but I felt I must. Last Friday——" All eyes

were now on Peter. "I could not sleep, I don't know why ! I spent a white [sleepless] night. I thought on my ways, I cried, I prayed, I read my Bible, but I found no relief, then I thought of our temperance hymn, '*Reviens à ton Père qui pardonne.*' "

"You must sign the pledge," said a temperance speaker. In the mean time Q. bent over to me, saying, "That is the ringleader of the *Nirvi* [roughs], he and twelve others came to our temperance meeting and each had a bottle of wine in his pocket ; at a given signal from Peter, bottles came out and they drank 'to your health.' The row was fearful, and the meeting had to be closed as the police would not interfere." Here was repentant Peter. "If ever that man is converted it is Q.'s prayers that did it," said a lady to me. I asked Peter a few questions and his answer was that God had forgiven him. It was a strange story. We sang a hymn ; I prayed, all followed in quick succession, except the anarchistic Peter. The prayers were most touching. They were for dear Mr. Lenoir, who is deeply and deservedly beloved.

S. R. BROWN.

OPENING THE BLIND EYES.

One of the most enthusiastic and gifted of the younger men who have given themselves to the Mission, is M. Louis Biau, of whom mention has already been made. M. Biau has long felt a peculiar interest in the blind, and has for some time published for their benefit a little religious paper in raised letters, called *L'Echo*. About a hundred copies are circulated among this afflicted class, and it has been the means of great spiritual blessing to many of them. M. Biau appears to have a genius for launching newspapers, for he has also founded a religious paper called *Le Littoral Evangélique*, for Christians along the Mediterranean seaboard. In one number of the latter, he speaks thus of the blind. After referring to the various philanthropic agencies for the instruction and education of this class, he adds, "At the same time, in this case, more than in any other, it is necessary to remark that, side by side with genuine philanthropy, the blind need *charity*. I say charity, that is, Christian *love*, love in the name of the Lord Jesus. Friends of the blind can do much for them in the matter of things of the body and the illumination of the mind ; they can give them the most desirable things—consolation in trial, peace in adversity, deep and true joy, the sight of the soul—in a word all that will permit them to say with the Apostle : 'The afflictions of the present time are not worthy to be mentioned in comparison with the glory that is to come !' "

It is to give them this last, highest blessing that their true friend, M. Biau, founded *L'Echo*. At the same time, with the aid of a benevolent friend, he organized a circulating library, of books in raised letters, for their benefit.

FRANCE AS A MISSION FIELD.

The most hopeful field for missionary effort to-day is France. Not only because of that soul-hunger which has shown itself so remarkably during the past ten years among French writers and artists and thinkers ; not only because of that sense of religious need which since the Franco-Prussian war has impelled thousands upon thousands of workingmen to attend the meetings of the McAll Mission and the stations of the French home missionary societies ; not only because the French people are born propagandists, every new idea, religious or other, being as a fire in their bones, compelling them to light every near-by torch from the truth that glows in their own hearts—not only because of these reasons is France one of the most important fields for missionary activity in the world. The chief element in its importance is the character of French Protestantism, the French Protestantism of to-day. The time has not yet come to close the volume which tells of heroic self-sacrifice, of persistent religious energy which no obstacle can daunt, of the “Huguenot patience” which has been the legend of centuries. All these exist to-day, just as really if not as eminently, as in the days of the dragonades and the tower of Constance, the days of fire and fagot, and of “Huguenot marriages” in the swift running waters of the river Loire.

Hidden among the mountains of the Cevennes, in the far South of France, is a little city which for generations has been known as “the saintliest town in France.” Its name appears in no English guide book, nor on any railway map of France, for it is a town that makes no appeal to the traveling public ; but its little “Place” has seen men broken on the wheel for preaching a free Gospel and an open Bible and women scourged upon the bare back for aiding a Protestant pastor to escape from persecution. The chief industry of the little town is silk spinning, an industry most arduous and painful, and owing to the present conditions of silk manufacture exceptionally ill paid. The highest wages earned by these silk spinners, who sit for twelve hours a day over vats of boiling water into which they must continually plunge their hands to gather the gossamer ends from the cocoons, seven of which spun together form a single thread, are thirty cents a day ; yet these poor people sustain a Free Church, support their pastor, and contribute to Foreign Missions a sum that would be generous if appropriated by a well-to-do church in this country, and last year they contributed very largely to build a Y. M. C. A. hall.

A day's journey farther into the heart of the Cevennes Mountains is the little town of Florac, nested in a basin-shaped valley surrounded by beetling crags. One of these is called “the Rock of the Camisards,” and history tells how one day two centuries ago a party of hunted Huguenots (Camisards) being surprised by a party of the dragoons of Louis XIV., and hemmed in beyond

possibility of escape, each Huguenot threw his arms around a trooper and leaped over the precipice. It is in this little town of Florac that a few years ago, when a church was to be built, one man, the father of five children, who had never in his life earned more than fifty cents a day, brought in one sum, fifteen hundred dollars, as his contribution to the building of the new church. Who can estimate the self-denial of years by which such a sum was gathered together, or realize the absolute self-devotion which impelled such a gift to the cause of Christ?

These are not isolated instances; there is not a department in France, having a Protestant population, which has not its stories like these. And they teach us that, in this materialistic age of ours, when "business is business" has come to have almost the force of a Divine command, and the virtue of thrift has been exalted to the head of all the virtues, in the country, which, above all others in Christendom, has stood for thrifty accumulation of wealth and for a materialistic estimate of what constitutes worldly success—that in France—worldly, materialistic, irreligious as it is deemed to be—the spirit of self-sacrifice, of devotion to the highest cause is as truly alive as in the darkest days of persecution; that now, as then, no sacrifice is too costly for the French man or woman who is once thoroughly alive to the importance and the reality of the religion of Christ.

It is this that makes France so hopeful a field for religious work; the annals of the great missionary societies of the Reformed and Free Churches, and of the McAll Mission, tell over and over again this tale of absolute self-surrender, person and property, to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is nothing these people will not do for the cause of religion when once they know what true religion is. No stronger witness to the truth of this statement need be found than the story of the Paris Foreign Missionary Society. French Protestantism was weak, indeed, when in 1833 it founded its Lessouto Mission and built up an ignorant, starving, dying people into an intelligent and really strong little nation, which sends out Christian preachers and teachers among the surrounding heathen people, especially to Zambezi, where a flourishing mission has been built up, an off-shoot of that of Lessouto. In 1863, Tahiti and the Society Islands having been transferred from the protectorate of Great Britain to that of France, the Paris Missionary Society took over from the London Society the work of the Gospel in these islands; in 1891 it accepted the work in the Loyalty Isles; in 1892 it took from the Presbyterian Mission Board of this country the work in the French Congo, and a year or two later from the Church Missionary Society of Great Britain the herculean task which Madagascar still presents. Such undertakings as these for a Church so small and poor as the Protestant Church of France are

simply enormous; yet the annals of missions have no nobler records of energy, and self-devotion and *success* than those of the Paris Society of Missions.

It is one of the first of Christian duties to sustain those who are doing their utmost for the cause of Christianity. This is a justification, and not the least cogent one, of the appeal which France makes for the help of Christians of America.—*The Huguenot Quarterly*.

A MEDICAL MISSION.

Our Medical Mission work at the rue Championnet, which has been opened hardly two years, has grown with amazing rapidity. On some Saturdays we have been almost crowded out, for the hall is not spacious. The people take the greatest interest in the service which precedes the consultations, and it is amusing to see how excited they are over finding their places in the New Testaments lent to them, and in following the chapter chosen; it seems an ever recurring marvel that what the speaker is reading and what is under their own eyes should be identical; they point with their finger to the verse, and with many nods and smiles give you to understand that it has turned out all right, and that they have been equal to the emergency! Quite new comers, who invariably look for the Bible passage in the hymn-book are patronizingly put right by the others.

I have had many most interesting conversations, and hope that more than one has been led to at least touch the hem of Christ's garment. One so longs to see a decided coming out, and thank God, very often we do; but one must have worked among Roman Catholics really to understand both the deadening soul-lulling effect of the system, and the intense difficulty of breaking free from its trammels. Prejudice, early education, public opinion, and above all, the opposition of friends, form a barrier which only a very strong conviction suffices to break through.

I had a sad instance of this a few days since. I found a woman at the rue Championnet really anxious about her soul and desirous to know her sins forgiven. She had evidently no faith in confession or in outward ceremonies as a means to this end, and after a long conversation and prayer with her, I hoped that she had grasped salvation by faith in Christ. "Would you like the pastor to pay you a visit?" I asked, for she had told me how much "*les bonnes paroles*" they heard there helped her, and I know how fond they all are of our good Mr. Anderson. "Not yet," was the answer, "for my daughter goes to the priest's catechism, as she has not made her first communion. I must wait." This resolute turning the back to the light for material reasons we continually meet with, and it necessarily stops growth in knowledge of the Gospel, and often the results are absolutely fatal. A. G.

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